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CHINESE LANDSCAPE

FROM A PAINTING BY MORIKAGE KUSUMI

What the Day Brings Forth

BY GARDNER TEALL

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THE scene presents a Chinese landscape, a roadside before the shore of a misty lake, just at dawn. A milestone stands at the left, rocks to the right of it. The Chinese POET and his companion, BROTHER POET, stumble along the road. Worn with fatigue, they sink down on the rocks to rest.

POET

It is the last stone! I can go no farther!

BROTHER POET

We will wait here.

POET

The sun is red through the mist. It is
like great bead of coral.

BROTHER POET

The night has been long and as black as a
mandarin's cap.

POET

Aye, that is it,—the bead of coral on the
cap of a mandarin!

BROTHER POET

Hark! Do you hear?

*(They listen as the sound of a calling
bird is heard)*

POET

I hear only the call of the lonely loon.

BROTHER POET

Aye, it is the loon, the lonely loon. And
we, too, are lonely.

POET

We, too, are lonely! We will wait here.

BROTHER POET

We will wait here, to see what the day
brings forth.

POET

You from one end of the land, I from the
other!

BROTHER POET

Our cradles rocked a thousand *li* apart!

POET

It is so long ago that I had forgotten our
cradles!

BROTHER POET

Why were we ever born!

POET

Perhaps that we might know how good it
is to die!

BROTHER POET

Aye, it were good to die!

POET

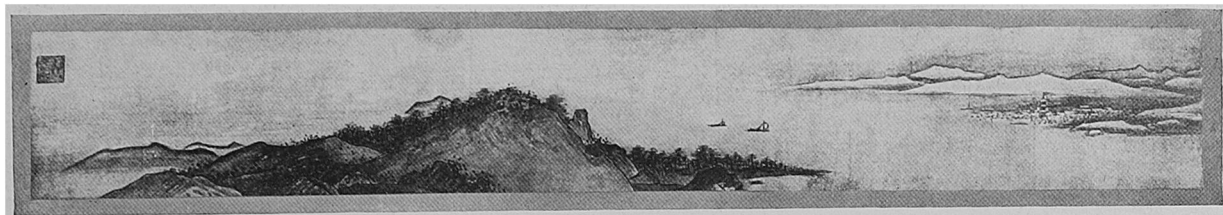
And yet men struggle on to live.

BROTHER POET

How I have struggled!

POET

And I!



A CHINESE LANDSCAPE

FROM A MAKEMONO BY SESSHU

BROTHER POET

We will wait here to see what the day
brings forth.

POET

We are so battered the Great Dragon will
have no thought of us!

BROTHER POET

Hark! Do you hear that?

*(Again they listen as the song of a
whippoorwill is heard as it comes to them
faintly from the distance)*

POET

It is the last song of the whippoorwill.
You will not hear it again for the sun
grows smaller.

BROTHER POET

I hear nothing now.

POET

The mist rising over the lake separates,
and little films of vapour are blown
with the breath of the morning breeze.

BROTHER POET

A silvery carp leaps from the water to
snap at a dragon-fly!

POET

Yes, listen! The world is awake! The
cricket, the cicada, the bee in that
tangled vine of jade-leaved clematis!

BROTHER POET

Do you see that gray rabbit with his
white bob-tail? He has tumbled out
of the moon!

POET

There are more of them in the winter
when the ground is as white as the
powder of rice.

BROTHER POET

The winter!

POET

Then we suffer!

BROTHER POET

I always suffer! I have always winter
in my heart!

POET

Like the frown of a prince!

BROTHER POET

Like the frost of the Viceroy's displeasure!

POET

Like an icicle saved for cooling the
Emperor's wrath!

BROTHER POET

The Emperor!

POET

See, here is a dead field mouse! *(He
points to an object with his walking staff)*

BROTHER POET

And in summer!

POET

One cannot always tell!

BROTHER POET

One never knows what day the Almond
will blossom.

POET

Or the Peach ripen.

BROTHER POET

Or the Pomegranate fall.



A CHINESE LANDSCAPE

FROM A MAKEMONO BY SESSHU



A CHINESE LANDSCAPE

FROM A MAKEMONO BY SESSHU

POET
Men can only wait.

BROTHER POET
We will wait.

POET
Wait to see what the day brings.

BROTHER POET
We can go no farther.

POET
It is the last stone.

BROTHER POET
Only one night struggling along the
tortuous way. And yet we were brothers!

POET
I, who never saw you before yesterday's
setting sun!

BROTHER POET
It was the painful road, the struggle.

POET
It was because you, too, were a poet!

BROTHER POET
Ah, but you did not know,—then!

POET
One did not need to know; all poets are
brothers.

BROTHER POET
Aye, brothers!

POET
I know! But is it not better than being
alone?

BROTHER POET
To be alone—that is death!

POET
That is suffering!

BROTHER POET
It is winter in the soul!

POET
Frost in the heart!

BROTHER POET
An icicle in the brain!

POET
See, the sun! It is warmer.

BROTHER POET
The sun?

POET
No, brother!

BROTHER POET
It does not seem so like winter with me
now.

POET
It is the Acacia blossom, perhaps.

BROTHER POET
No, brother!

POET
And my heart seems less chilled with the
frosts of bitter memories.

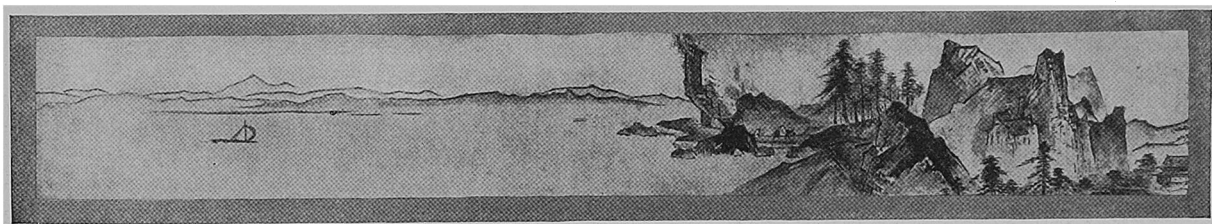
BROTHER POET
It is the line of the gray-green Willows
against the morning sky, perhaps.

POET
No, brother!

BROTHER POET
It is strange, passing strange! No longer
do icicles cling to my weary thoughts!

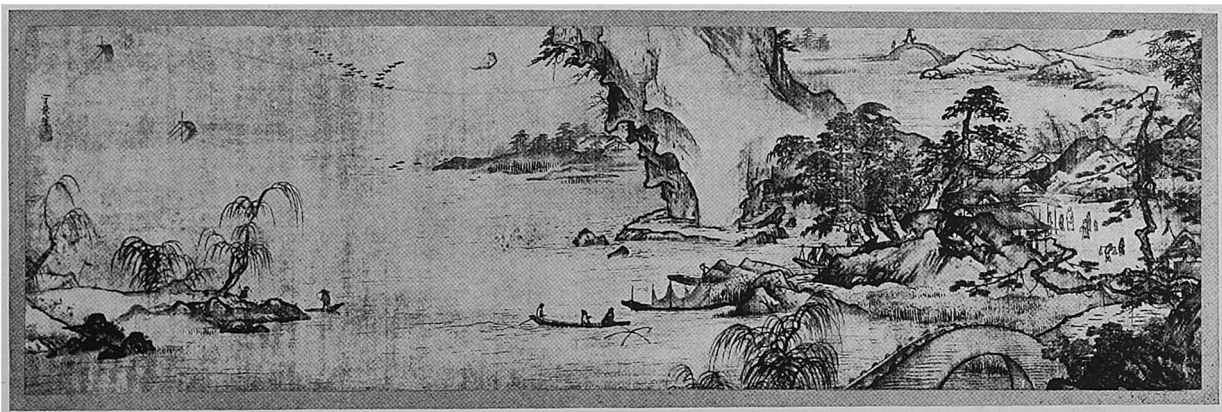
POET
It is the memory of the Camellia in the
springtime.

BROTHER POET
No brother!



A CHINESE LANDSCAPE

FROM A MAKEMONO BY SESSHU



A CHINESE LANDSCAPE

FROM A PAINTING BY MORIKAGE KUSUMI

POET

Is it not strange that out of all the world
we two should find ourselves sitting
here together?

BROTHER POET

I from the north.

POET

I from the south.

BROTHER POET

A thousand *li* separated our cradles.

POET

You, alone!

BROTHER POET

You, alone!

POET

Outcasts!

BROTHER POET

Friendless!

POET

You, banished.

BROTHER POET

You, disgraced!

POET

Yours, the Prince's scorn.

BROTHER POET

Yours, the Emperor's wrath.

POET

Why were we born!

BROTHER POET

To know how sweet a thing is death!

POET

To die! Perhaps another day will be
more kind to us.

BROTHER POET

To live! I had not thought the word
before these many moons.

POET

Brother . . .

BROTHER POET

Aye, *brother*!

POET

I have forgotten the long night!

BROTHER POET

And I, I no longer dread day's coming.

POET

Soon the sun will be high above us, that
the Great Dragon may have a golden
ball to play with.

BROTHER POET

No longer is it the color of coral. . . .

POET

The coral in the mandarin's cap.

BROTHER POET

And the sedge sways with the grace of
the Prince's dancers.

POET

I am looking at the blue Gentian.

BROTHER POET

And I breathe the fragrance of the
Mallow.

POET

O Poet! O Brother!

BROTHER POET

O Brother! O Poet! Only we can guess
the Mallow to be fragrant!

POET

The others, they do not see the dancers
of the Prince when they turn to the
sedges.

BROTHER POET

They have no pity for the field mouse.

POET

They would forget the call of the loon.

BROTHER POET

The loon! But we are no longer lonely.

POET

We are not lonely,—now!

BROTHER POET

It is well we waited here.

POET

I no longer feel as one weighted with lead.

BROTHER POET

See, the road ahead is straight!

POET

It seems more kind to travelers.

BROTHER POET

I shall make a poem to a Rose of jade!

POET

And I shall sing of the coral sun.

BROTHER POET

See, it is *not* the last stone!

POET

The mist of early morn but made it seem so.

BROTHER POET

I wonder what lies beyond!

POET

We both wonder what lies beyond.

BROTHER POET

We shall know, brother.

POET

We shall know, for we are poets, brother.

BROTHER POET

Ah, we are brothers, poet!

POET

You from one end of the land!

BROTHER POET

You from the other.

POET

I from the south.

BROTHER POET

I from the north.

POET

A thousand *li* separated our cradles.

BROTHER POET

Ah, our cradles!

POET

Hark!

BROTHER POET

The memory of our mothers, singing!

POET

You hear it too?

BROTHER POET

I hear it!

POET

Ah, I am glad we waited here!

BROTHER POET

Waited for what the day brings forth!

POET

Come, brother! (*Poet rises*)

BROTHER POET (*following him*)

I crowd your shadow!

POET (*as slowly they journey on, passing the mile-stone, pausing to speak*)

We shall never forget the coral sun shining through the morning mist!

BROTHER POET

Like my Rose of jade, it shall endure forever.

POET

Ah, brother, the sun is high!

BROTHER POET

The sun is high in our hearts!

POET

In our hearts, brother! (*They pass out*)



A CHINESE LANDSCAPE

FROM A PAINTING BY SESSHU

The Star-spangled banner

O! say, can ye see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hail'd by the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose bright stars & broad stripes, through the clouds of the fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare - the bomb's bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there
O! say does that Star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half-conceals, half-discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full fang reflected, now shines on the stream.
'Tis the Star-spangled banner - O! long may it wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave

And where is that host that so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war & the battle's confusion
A home & a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution
No refuge could save the hireling & glave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave
And the Star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free & the home of the brave.

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd homes & the war's desolation
Blest with vict'ry & peace, may the heav'n restore us
Praise the power that hath made & preserved us a nation
Then conquer we must, when our cause is just,
And this be our motto - In God is our trust
And the Star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Washington
Oct 21 - 40

F. S. Key

AUTOGRAPH COPY OF THE VERSES OF "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER," WRITTEN BY FRANCIS SCOTT KEY